

by Redneck-sensei

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Language: English

Published: 2016-04-11 02:24:44

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:09:32

Chapters: 4

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Funny thing for me to say, ain't it? Well, my name is John Miller. I'm eighteen years oldâ€¦and on the run. Long story short: my father got into debt with some dangerous people back home in Georgia a couple of years back, so we've been on the run ever since, with little more than the clothes on our backs. As far as my appearance goesâ€¦well, I ain't got too much time to groom myself, as you can expect. I've got long-ish messy light brown hair, a short beard, and blue eyes. The clothes on my back I mentioned are a dirty gray shirt, torn jeans, and some decrepit old boots. Yeah, I look like a homeless manâ€¦which I basically am, to be fair. I never did graduate from high schoolâ€¦fuck, I never even started my freshman year! After middle school, anâ€¦unfortunate turn of events meant we had to run away from home, not in a small amount because of my old man's debt situation. Not that I can't take care of myself without him, it's usually the opposite actually, but I figured that if they can't get him, they would likely go after his familyâ€¦me. So I ran off with him. I wonder where that old fool is right nowâ€¦

John: Old man!

John's father: _The hell you want? I can't take a shit in peace these days?_

John: So there you are. Well, I'm going to bed. Gotta get up early tomorrow, and so do you! So get on it. I'll see ya tomorrow.

I sometimes ain't aware who is the father and who is the sonâ€|

John: _Yeahâ€|tomorrowâ€|I'll see you._

Ah damn it, he's probably been drinking. There go what little savings we've gotâ€|he always sounds depressed when he drinks. Well, no use paying it too much mindâ€|

â€|

(Next morning)

Phone alarm: BEEEEP. BEEEEP.

John: *yawn* Ughâ€|time for the daily grind, again. Old man! Wake up!

â€|

Jack: *looks to the side* Old man? Where the hell did he goâ€|*gets up*â€|hmâ€|there seems to be an envelope in the night stand hereâ€|that wasn't here last night. Alright, let's seeâ€|it has nothing written on it. What if it's anthrax? *feels the envelope* Doesn't seem to have powder on it, so it's probably fine. *opens it*. Hm, there's a letter?

_Son, _

This is your old man writing. This may be the last you hear from me in a while, so pay attention. I left for the East Coast after you fell asleep. We can't keep on living like this. I know you don't want me toâ€|but I'm gonna ask Steve for help. You don't deserve this life, so I'm gonna leave you alone from now on. Under the bed, I left a plane ticket I bought with what little savings I had. You're meant to go live in Japan. You can't live in this countryâ€|else they'll find you, and God knows what they'll do to you. I managed to sign you up to attend high school over there. You're gonna need that in order to have a decent lifeâ€|the kind I could never provide for you. You're probably wondering how I managed to arrange all this. Don't. Maybe one day we'll see each other againâ€|and I can explain everything to you. For now, please don't come looking for me. I'll be alright. And please take careâ€|

_Attentively, _

Your old man.

W-What? JUST LIKE THAT, YOU TAKE OFF? By the way, Steve is supposed to be my "brother". It just so happens that as the old man was getting in debt problems, he was graduating from law school. Instead of helping out his family, he got a job offer from some law firm in

Manhattan, and took it, leaving us completely to our own devices. I never wanted the old man to ask for help from himâ€|he never gave a shit, so why ask him to help? We could get by on our own. Maybe it was selfish of me. But there's no need to be dwelling on the pastâ€|what I should be dwelling on, is how the fuck he managed to find me a place to stay, a school to go toâ€|in JAPAN of all places.

John: *reaches under the bed* Ahâ€|gotcha! *looks at plane ticket*â€|Kansas City to Los Angelesâ€|and Los Angeles to Tokyo Hmâ€|there's something else down thereâ€|*reaches for it*â€|"Resident card". Hmâ€|probably need this to live thereâ€|let's see: "so and so street, Chiba, Japan". Did the old man really have enough money to buy a place over in Japan? Why the fuck didn't he tell meâ€|we've been living like hobos for years! And can you even do that? Getâ€|permission to live in Japan without having a residence or even a job here? And how could he do it all in secret? This is weirdâ€|like there's some force unknown to me that wants me to move there. Well, I ain't exactly got nothing here, do I? When does the flight to LA leaveâ€|9:00 am. Right now it'sâ€|6:30 am. It should hopefully be enough time to make it to KC, but I better get moving!

â€|

(6 hours later, Los Angeles International Airport)

Hmâ€|let's seeâ€|oh, looks like I got a window seat again! The flight from Kansas City to here was pretty uneventful. I was actually asleep most of the way, so there ain't much I can say. Boarding this plane, on the other handâ€|I had to show all my documentation, explain why exactly I had no luggage to speak ofâ€|I guess security for international flights is tighter, especially with 'em terrorists out on the loose. We common folks pay the price, as always. Looks like I'm here earlyâ€|almost no one is here yet. Well, I can go to sleep now. I ain't slept more than four hours at a time in what seems like ages! Soâ€|I'm enjoying this indeed! Uncertainty be damnedâ€|that's been my life for a while now. If my old man wants Steve's help, so be it. I'll get by.

â€|

(12 hours later)

Intercom: We're now arriving at Narita International Airport. Please fasten your seatbelts until cleared to leave the aircraftâ€|

Almost here, huh? Wonder how exactly I'll manage to get to Chibaâ€|*looks out the window*â€|so that's Tokyo, huh? Pretty big placeâ€|I can't believe this is now my home. God only knows what's waiting for me down there...hm, that's what my ancestors must have thought when they got off the boat when they came to America. A foreign landâ€|with no one I've ever met in it. I wonder how the old man is doing right nowâ€|oh, wait! I'm gonna have to get a job once I get there, won't I? Hmâ€|probably a good idea to start looking as soon as we touch down.

â€|

(1 hour later, outside of Narita International Airport)

Police officer: Excuse me, are you John Miller?

A cop just stopped me right outside of the airport. I hope I didn't break any lawsâ€¦my whole set up IS shady at best thoughâ€¦I still don't know how they just let me through so easily, to be honest.

John: Yesâ€¦erm, sure, officer.

Police officer: Very wellâ€¦where's your luggage?

John: Iâ€¦don't really have any.

Police officer: *looks at John* Hmâ€¦I see. They weren't wrong.

John: Ermâ€¦excuse me, but have I broken any laws?

Police officer: Not to my knowledge. I'm actually off duty right nowâ€¦so forgive me if you misunderstood. My name is Kousaka Daisuke. You're supposed to live in my house for the time being, so I came here to pick you up.

John: Wait, what? Why?

Daisuke: One of my superiors said someone he knew needed a place to stayâ€¦no one else volunteered, so I was chosen. Do you know nothing of this?

John: â€¦Not a thing. Wait a secondâ€¦*shows him the residence card*â€¦is this your place?

Daisuke: Let me seeâ€¦yes, yes it is. It seems like it is youâ€¦although you must understand that I feel uneasy about this situation.

John: â€¦Welcome to the club.

Daisuke: Wellâ€¦get into the car, we'll continue speaking on the way.

John: Sure thing.

We walk across the airport parking lot to get to his patrol carâ€¦it's a big parking lot. Iâ€¦I truly can't believe the unbelievable turn my life just took. I meanâ€¦it was unusual enough, I must admit. Butâ€¦who exactly gives enough of a shit about me 'round here to make this poor guy have to take me into his home? Whatâ€¦what has my old man been up to? I meanâ€¦we spent a lot of time together, but we usually worked different jobsâ€¦I thought he was working while I was. Whatâ€¦ah, I don't get it! That old geezer is gonna have a lot of explaining to do when I see him again!

Daisuke: Here it is. Get in. *gets inside*

John: Oh, waitâ€¦the wheel is in the wrong sideâ€¦

Daisuke: Right. Cars in America are set up the other way around.

You'll get used to the difference.

John: *gets in* It feelsâ€¦|strange.

Daisuke: Again, you'll get used to it. Look, this is a long trip, so please ask me anything you need.

He fired up the car, and we got goingâ€¦|long trip he says. Wellâ€¦|maybe Chiba is supposed to be a suburb or somethingâ€¦|I don't know, how am I of all people supposed to know Japanese geography?

Daisuke: Wellâ€¦|what do you need to know?

John: Wellâ€¦|quite honestlyâ€¦|I don't know where the hell to start. Ermâ€¦|well, how many people live at your place?

Daisuke: Myself, my wife, my son, and my daughterâ€¦|and now we will have to include you. Oh, that reminds me. As much as I'd like to be the best host possibleâ€¦|I'm afraid you won't have a bed of your own for the time being. You seeâ€¦|there's not enough space in my son's room to accommodate you. And you sure as hell ain't gonna be sleeping in my daughter's room. Soâ€¦|the best I can offer is to lay down a futon in the living room of our house every night.

John: Lookâ€¦|even if I was sleeping in the floor it would be an improvement from my previous quality of life, as long as I have a semi-permanent place to live. So don't worry about it. I'm glad for your hospitality.

Daisuke: I'm not doing this for your sake. I'm trying to please my superiors, that's all.

John: Regardless. Wellâ€¦|what's that about your superiors? Who made you give me a place to stay? I don't recall knowing any Japanese people...

Daisuke: I know as much as you do, it seems. I find it strange that you know nothing. I supposed you came from a well off family, even though they told me that you were in a pretty bad situationâ€¦|and I see that's indeed the case. Just to check: you aren't running away from the American law, right?

John: Erm, no, of course not. Not from the lawâ€¦|

Daisuke: Hm. I see. I think I understand. I will not ask anything further on that matter. Your demons are your own to hold. But, what about your family. Did they agree to you moving out of your country?

John: Well, I am 18 years old, so I could technically move wherever I want. My family, wellâ€¦|it's part of what you don't wanna inquire about.

Even though he seems like a good man, I don't wanna start telling this man I just met about my whole "family" situationâ€¦|nor do I wanna reminisce about it.

Daisuke: I see. Well, do you have anything further to ask?

John: I don't think soâ€¦oh, wait, yes! About school. What? Where? When? How? I don't know what to ask, honestly.

Daisuke: I understand you've been enrolled in the same high school my daughter has been attending. It's strange given your ageâ€¦but I won't pry on that. I'd tell you that you can go there with herâ€¦but knowing my Kirino, I'm not exactly sure how welcoming she'd beâ€¦well, I'm sure you will handle yourself. On Tuesday, meaning tomorrow, you're supposed to start attending school. All the paperwork has been dealt with already, I understand, so you won't need to worry about that. You're just supposed to walk in and introduce yourself to the rest of the class.

John: Hm. Well, I think I get itâ€¦well, not really, but you know what I mean.

Daisuke: I do. If you don't have any further questions, I'd like the rest of the trip to be spent silentlyâ€¦it's been a tiring day.

John: Alright, sureâ€¦

And so my new life beginsâ€¦with more questions than answers. Not like I ain't used to uncertaintyâ€¦but this is a whole new level. Just yesterdayâ€¦I was working odd jobs in rural Missouri with my old man, and nowâ€¦I will be living with a Japanese family. Who the hell knows what this new stage in my life has in store for meâ€¦

â€¦

****Well, hello there, and welcome to OreImo After Story! There's a few things I wanna mention here, many of which y'all might have figured out already, but it couldn't hurt. First of all: the story takes place after the ending of the anime. The OVA one. Second of all: I haven't yet read the manga or the light novels. So, the characters' personalities will be based on their anime versions, for the most part. Third: yeah, my OC can speak with Japanese people just fine. In the canon, Ria and Bridget (American and British, respectively), two LITTLE GIRLS, can speak Japanese like natural born citizens, so if the canon can do things like that, so can I. Fourth of all: no, the OC is not a self-insert, so don't ask. I don't live on the run. His name is not even close to my real name. And I don't look like him at all. So no, it's not me. If any of y'all think that at some point I'm making him into a "perfect" character, PLEASE let me know. And that brings me to my final point. Please leave your reviews or PMS detailing your opinions of the story. That's about it, so see y'all next time!****

2. Chapter 1

****Welcome to the "first", in a way, chapter of Oreimo: After Story! Now, for all three of y'all who read the introduction early on, y'all might have noticed I made a few changes. Small changes in the context of the introduction itself, but huge for the story as a whole. I don't wanna confuse the others, so I'm gonna assume y'all know what I'm talking about. Without further ado, let's get going!****

****Disclaimer: I do not know the Oreimo (can't be damned to write the whole thing in Japanese) franchise.****

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Beeeeep *Beeeeep*

Daisuke: *Looks at his phone* Sorry, it's my wife, I must take this call.

John: Oh, sure, go ahead.

Daisuke: Helloâ€|yes, I didâ€|he's with me right nowâ€|of course notâ€|I don't understandâ€|that's just youâ€|I said no, Yoshino!...I won't have him do thatâ€|I trust themâ€|they're just gamesâ€|I know I said thatâ€|things seem alright enoughâ€|Kyouzuke even seems to be doing better nowâ€|stop it!...don't be ridiculous!...well, fine!â€|yeah, goodbye! *hangs up*

John: Problems?

Daisuke: *sighs* It's no matter. My wife just hasâ€|strange ideas sometimes.

John: Oh.

Daisuke: *stops car* Alrightâ€|we're here. *hands John keys*. These are the keys to the house. My children should be there right now, but it's better you have them in case they can't open the door for you. I will be gone for the night, me and my wife were invited to a birthday party. I am unsure if I should trust leaving you home alone with my childrenâ€|but I'm sure you know there will be severe consequences for any wrongdoing, correct?

John: I assumed so, sir. Heard loud and clear. By the wayâ€|they know I'm supposed to come over todayâ€|right? I don't want any surprisesâ€|like them seeing a strange man with the keys to their house.

Daisuke: They have been duly informed. I'll now ask you to leave, I'm going to be late to pick up my wife.

John: Very well. Thanks again sir, and I'll see you later! *gets off*

Daisuke: Goodbye. *drives off*

The house he pointed me towards is a pretty normal looking two-storey houseâ€|not unlike the ones you'd see in a suburb back home. Well, I know I've got the keysâ€|but I should probably still ring the bell or something.

John: *walks towards house*â€|*rings bell*

?: Kyouzuke, get the door!

Hm, that must be the "daughter"â€|Kirino, was it?

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John: Ah, dammitâ€|*rings bell*

Kirino: KYOUSUKE! GET DOWN HERE!

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John: Well, fuck it, I ain't gonna be waiting here forever. *opens door*

Kirino: EH? W-Wait Ayase, I'll call you later! *hangs up phone*
Y-YOU! WHO ARE YOU? *points at me*

I'm recieved by a shrieking 15 or so year old girl. She's got long blond hair, blue eyes, a blue tank top and pink shorts. She has a face with a mix of fear and anger that are hopefully not directed towards me in their totalityâ€|

John: *raises hands* Whoa! Didn't your father tell you I'd be coming?

Kirino: Oh, you must be THAT guy. Why do you have keys?

John: Because your father gave 'em to me. How the hell else would I?

Kirino: B-Butâ€|KYOUSUKE! *storms off*

John: *closes door* What the hell is with her?

â€|

(Kyouusuke's POV)

VN Character: Onii-chanâ€|there's something I have to tell youâ€|

Kyouusuke: Ughâ€|confession time. I can't believe I'm still playing these thingsâ€|

Knock *Knock*

Kyouusuke: Come i-

Kirino: Why didn't you get the door, you useless idiot?

Kyouusuke: Are you ever gonna wait for me to tell you in? And what do you even mean?

Kirino: The bell rang, and I told you to get down!

Kyouusuke: Well, as you can see, I'm busy playing this thingâ€|THANKS TO YOU!

Kirino: Well, whatever. You're useless.

Kyouusuke: Why do you still say thatâ€|

Kirino: Hmph. Well, that guy is down there, so you better go talk to him.

Kyousuke: What guy?

Kirino: Idiot! Don't you remember dad told us? About some guy from America that would come live here?

Kyousuke: Oh, right—why do I have to go? Can't you get him set up? I can't waste time if I want to finish this by tomorrow—like you asked!

Kirino: Well, he had keys, and got inside by himself, and creeped me out! Shouldn't you protect your little sister from harm?

Kyousuke: If he even looked like he meant harm father would have killed him already!

Kirino: Well go anyways! And you better find a way to get him out of the living room, else I can't watch Meruru.

Kyousuke: Well, he's probably gonna be living here for a while, so I don't think you should stop watching your anime just because he's here! And what exactly do you want me to do anyways? I can't bring him here, I have to play this stupid game!

Kirino: Can't you do me a favor at least once?

Kyousuke: AT LE-. Ugh, I can't bring him here! It would be just fine for him to know you like anime. It would NOT be fine for him to know you make me play little sister eroge!

Kirino: Hmph. You're useless, as always. Anyways, if you can't fix that, how will we hide—

Kyousuke: Yeah, I haven't thought about that—

Kirino: Well, you should, idiot! I mean—I know we ended it—

Kyousuke: Well, no one can know it EVER happened! What am I supposed to tell dad, huh? "Oh, look, I know I was in a relationship with Kirino, but we broke it off, so it's alright". I have a feeling that isn't gonna work! And—look, I don't know who this guy is, and we MUST assume that anyone's reaction to our little "thing" would be absolute disgust. Always. It may not be, but no risks can be taken. If he tells anyone that he shouldn't have told our lives as we currently know them might be over.

Kirino: Well, it was already hard enough to hide with mom and dad living here! But now someone else too? Wait—what if—

Kyousuke: What?

Kirino: What if they hired him to spy on us?

Kyousuke: You're spouting ridiculous crap again.

Kirino: Think a little, you idiot! It does seem pretty convenient,

doesn't it?

Kyousuke: But whatâ€|whyâ€|you're paranoid. There's nothing I can do about it. You haven't even talked to him yet and you're already assuming things about the poor man. I know that's just who you areâ€|but give it a break this time.

Kirino: AH YOU USELESS BROTHER! I'm going back down, Meruru is about to start! And you're not leaving this room until you finished all the routes. *runs off*

Kyousuke: You told me toâ€|she's gonna interrogate him, isn't she? *sighs* Way to make things easier, Kirinoâ€|

â€|

(John's POV)

John: What the hell is even going on up there?

â€|

Well, maybe I'll just turn on the TV, pass some time till someone shows their face. *turns on TV*

TV: Merumerumerumerumerumerume!

John: Oh, what is this, some kids' show? Well, I ain't got nothing else to doâ€|*sits on couch*

Kirino: *rushes down the stairs* Can you please leave for a second, I wanna watchâ€|

John: Oh, here, *passes controller*, I was just killing time anyways.

Kirino: *blushes* Uhâ€|w-what is t-this?

John: A TV controller. Some people use it to change channels, raise or lower the volumeâ€|things like that.

Kirino: T-THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT! D-Do you likeâ€|this?

John: As I said, I was just killing time. I've got no clue what this is, some kids' show maybe?

Kirino: I-Iâ€|ehehe, I don't know! *looks down*

John: Do you watch it?

Kirino: W-WHAT?

John: Do you watch this show?

Kirino: *blushes* E-Ermâ€|

John: Did I say something wrong?

Kirino: D-Do you likeâ€|anime?

John: I ain't really watched anyâ€|so I don't know.

Kirino: Isn't it commonâ€|in America?

John: I don't have a damn clue.

â€|

You can call this awkwardâ€|

John: Youâ€|can watch your anime if you wantâ€|I should probably go introduce myself to your brother. Where is he?

Kirino: NO, erm, he's busyâ€|STUDYING!

John: I'm right here. No need to yellâ€|well, can I sit here and watch the show too?

Kirino: Sure, I guessâ€|

â€|

(30 minutes later)

We've been sitting here for a while now. Looking at her, she seemsâ€|uncomfortable. I get itâ€|I'm a strange man who suddenly is gonna come live in her houseâ€|

John: Oh, looks like it's over. Great, I needed to talk to you for a bit.

Kirino: What?

John: Lookâ€|I know this is strange. I'm someone you never met that you're suddenly gonna share a house with. I get it. But you don't need to feel uncomfortable from doing the things you usually doâ€|if it bothers you that I'm around, I'll go walk around the neighborhood or something, but I'd rather we kinda got along here.

Kirino: Fine.

John: Soâ€|does your brother have an exam or something?

Kirino: Why would he have an exam? Classes just started last week.

John: You said he was really busy studyingâ€|

Kirino: I don't know. He must be doing some exercise or something.

John: Oh, sure thenâ€|

Kirino: *turns TV off* Okay, you're starting to piss me off. So tell me right now: are you here to spy on us?

John: W-Wait, WHAT?

Kirino: This seems awfully convenient. Having another guy live here. Did mom hire you?

John: Ermâ€¦I don't follow-

Kirino: TELL ME RIGHT NOW.

John: I have no fucking clue what you're talking about right now, and this whole situation is scaring me a little bit, why the hell would your mother hire me to spy on you?

Maybe she said something like that to Daisuke back in the car? But he brushed it offâ€¦what the hell is this?

Kirino: I don't know. She's been acting weird lately. And suddenlyâ€¦you show up.

John: Look: I don't know what exactly you're hiding from your mother, and as long as it ain't something illegal that could blow up in my face, I really don't care!

Kirino: Huh. Well, you're gonna have to prove it.

John: It's supposed to be the other way around!

Kirino: Why are you here?

John: What? What do you mean?

Kirino: Why did you suddenly move in?

It can't hurt me to be a little bit honest at leastâ€¦not tell her I'm running from the mobâ€¦I don't know how she could react to that, but I need to create SOME trust here.

John: Honestly, and I know there's a near zero percent chance you'll believe me, I only found out a couple of days ago, got on the plane, and had your father expecting me in the airport. I didn't know I would move in here, nor that your father would expect me in the airport, and two days ago, I didn't know I'd be getting in a plane AT ALL, never mind coming to Japan.

Kirino: â€¦You don't really expect me to believe that, do you?

John: I DON'T. I said so. But if I was lying, why would I say ridiculous unbelievable crap like that? I'd say something more believable, wouldn't I?

Waitâ€¦what about that conversation Daisuke had with his wife on the carâ€¦"ridiculous ideas"â€¦did she actuallyâ€¦plan to have me spy on her children? â€¦I might wanna say that. Again, create trust.

John: But wait a secondâ€¦

Kirino: What?

John: Back in the carâ€¦your mother called your father on the phoneâ€¦I couldn't catch much of the conversation, but I THINK, key word there, that she asked him whether I was in the car with him. That's normal enough, but then he started talking about trusting "them", which I assume is you and your brother, not wanting to ask "that" of me, had a bit of an argument, and when he hung up, he told

me his wife was having "ridiculous ideas". That's all I know.

Kirino: I-I thought she was being strangeâ€¦giving us that weird look she has sometimesâ€¦well, it's none of your business.

John: That would be correct. So I'd really appreciate it if you'd stop treating me like I'm part of a conspiracy or something.

Kirino: I-I'll be right backâ€¦*climbs up stairs*

I don't know what kind of shady crap is going on in this family, I swear. Again, I hope it's nothing illegal, I've about had it with dealing with fucking thugs.

â€¦

(Kyouzuke's POV)

VN Character: Onii-chanâ€¦I'm scaredâ€¦can I sleep with you tonight?

Kyouzuke: What kind of clichÃ© is this? It's like every other eroge! Oh noâ€¦I'm getting too used to thisâ€¦damn you Kirino!

Kirino: *barges in* Emergency life counseling, now, right here.

Kyouzuke: So you've completely given up on the knocking, huh? So I can stop playing for now, right?

Kirino: Yes, but you'll get back at it immediately afterwards!

Kyouzuke: Sure, sureâ€¦so, what is it?

Kirino: Mom is very suspicious of us.

Kyouzuke: She always was. Remember when she made me move out because we were "getting too close"? Nothing was even going on then.

Kirino: And neither is nowâ€¦let me ask you something. Youâ€¦didn't tell anyone about our "engagement" other than Saori and the "black one", right?

Kyouzuke: No, why would I? Wait a secondâ€¦is this about the American guy? You didn't reallyâ€¦say he was a spy, right?

Kirino: Of course I did, you idiot! I have to be safe!

Kyouzuke: Well, if he was a spy, he would already know you're hiding something! You call ME an idiot? *sigh* â€¦What did he say?

Kirino: He saidâ€¦*tells him about the conversation with John*

â€¦

Kyouzuke: D-Did you see any sign that he was lying?

Kirino: Hmph, I don't really trust himâ€|but no.

Kyousuke: Mom was actually thinking about having someone watch us. That's seriousâ€|

Kirino: â€|The people at the church.

Kyousuke: What about them?

Kirino: Theyâ€|do know you asked them to have the church for yourself for a while.

Kyousuke: â€|But that doesn't really mean muchâ€|

Kirino: UGH! THINK! She's already suspicious! What if she finds out about that?

Kyousuke: But how would she even end up there? It's not even in the neighborhood. They won't just let some strange woman ask if they saw me thereâ€|and she has no clues to it anyways. And they never saw your face either.

Kirino: It's called a loose end, idiot!

Kyousuke: Again, you're being paranoidâ€|maybe I should go talk to our guestâ€|if you will please allow me.

Kirino: Hmphâ€|how far are you in the game?

Kyousuke: I swear I'm almost done! I was getting to Rin's h-scene, which should be pretty close to the finale!

Kirino: Fine. But-

Kyousuke: I'll get back at it, yes, Kirino.

â€|

(John's POV)

Kirino: *goes down stairs*

Kyousuke: *goes down stairs*

John: *yawn* Damn, I'm tiredâ€|

Kyousuke: Hello there, John, is it?

Kirino walked right back down with another guy behind her, which I assume is Kyousuke, her brother. He's got medium length black hair, a blue polo shirt, and jeans. He's definitely older than her.

John: Oh hello there! *shakes his hand* How's it going?

Kyousuke: Really busy, as you can see! *glares at Kirino* Well, are you all set up here? Where did you leave all your stuff?

John: Iâ€|don't have any stuff other than what I'm currently wearing.

Kirino: Iâ€|am going to take a bath while you two speak. You better not walk in on me, you perverts! *leaves*

John: â€|What made her believe I'm a pervert?

The fact that she called her BROTHER a pervert should send red flags all over the place, but you knowâ€|teenage girls.

Kyousuke: I have no clue. Well, anyways, I just wanted to sayâ€|I personally apologize for anything Kirino might have said to you.

John: I don't really care, I'm pretty thick blooded

Kyousuke: Well, em, anywaysâ€|do you need anything?

John: I do. First: how am I supposed to make it to school tomorrow?

Kyousuke: Ahhâ€|Kirino wasn't very helpful, I take it.

John: Well, I actually forgot to askâ€|

I was busy being interrogated, after all!

Kyousuke: It's actually decently close by. Ten blocks away or soâ€|

John: That's NOT close by.

Kyousuke: Well, anywaysâ€|you walk two blocks to the eastâ€|

He gave me the directions to the school. Pretty easy to follow, but I asked him to write 'em down anyways, just in case. I'm not used to big cities like this, so I thought it might be a bit overwhelming. In most towns my old man and me stayed, ten blocks was longer than the town itself. They were probably looking all over the big cities and townsâ€|but they can't really look into every small town out there, so they're better hiding places. We always did prefer small town life anyways, so it was alright.

Kyousuke: â€|And there it is.

John: Thanks. So, I take it you're the useful son?
laughs

Kyousuke: Shhhhh! Don't say that, she might be listening, and she'll get pissed at ME!

John: â€|You ever think about growing a pair? She's not THAT badâ€|

I mean, yeah, she's probably a pain in the ass alright, but compared to the folks I've had to deal with almost dailyâ€|yeah, not so much. Of course, I ain't gonna say that.

Kyousuke: DON'T GIVE HER IDEASâ€|please, I beg of you, just shut up!

John: Well, alright. Oh, another thing, your father mentioned

something about a futonâ€¦|look, I don't really mind sleeping anywhere really, but should I lay it down now, or when?

Kyousuke: Oh, it's in my room. You can lay it down whenever you want, and you'll have to put it back in the morning. Hopefully AFTER I woke upâ€¦|well, ermâ€¦|please don't take what I'm gonna say the wrong wayâ€¦|

John: Shoot away, partner!

Kyousuke: Your clothesâ€¦|ermâ€¦|is that really all you have?

John: Yes it is. I suppose they're gonna give me my uniform at schoolâ€¦|right?

Kyousuke: Oh, I almost forgot, it did get delivered here the other day. Shirt, tie, the whole thing.

John: Ughâ€¦|I ain't worn a tieâ€¦|well, ever. And I never meant to startâ€¦|you know what they say. You can never trust a man with a tie.

Kyousuke: Wellâ€¦|that's how it is! But really, if you need to borrow some clothes from me, it's fine.

John: I was actually thinking of getting a job somewhere and buy some myself. I don't wanna be a leech.

Kyousuke: Well, even if you get a job, you won't get paid for a while. Really, I can lend you something, not a lot, but at least enough so you won't look like you're homeless!

John: Well, I'm sure the uniform includes gym clothes or something, right? I meanâ€¦|I can walk around in that no problem.

Kyousuke: Fine. Just ask if you need anything. My parents aren't coming home tonight, so I was gonna order something. What do you want? It has to be something healthy, though. Kirino can't eat anything else.

John: Wellâ€¦|I don't know. Don't the Japanese eat a lot of fish? Order some fishâ€¦|dumplings or something, I don't know.

Kyousuke: Isâ€¦|sushi alright?

John: I ain't ever ate that. Only fancy folks eat that back home. Whatever, just order anything.

Kyousuke: Fineâ€¦|I'll call the sushi place then. Hey, Kirino! I'm gonna order sushi, alright!?

Kirino: Yeah, fine!

â€¦|

The rest of the evening was pretty uneventful. We ate our sushi, which wasâ€¦|good, I guess? It ain't no fried chicken, but it'll do. We didn't talk about much at dinner, Kirino and Kyousuke bickered over God knows what, while I pretty much ate in silence. Then they each went to their respective rooms and I laid down my futon, and

that's where I am now. Tomorrow I go back to schoolâ€¦lord, I never thought I'd see the day. I can't really say I missed school at all, but you knowâ€¦it's one of those things that you just have to do in your life. Mostly because if you don't you'll likely end up a deadbeat, but you know what I mean. I'll probably head there a bit earlier to introduce myself to the Principal and whatnot. One thing's for sure: life here ain't gonna be as uneventful as I honestly wished. After living a life that could be best described as abnormal, a bit of peace and tranquility would have been welcomeâ€¦"would have". There's something going on hereâ€¦and with my luck I'll be caught right in the fucking middle, I can tell. Maybe I already amâ€¦well, time to go to sleep.

â€¦**.**

Well, so there we go! This was a bit longer than usual, but we're still in the set-up stages, so I had to introduce John to the main characters from the canon, and kinda set up their story as well. Chapters ain't probably gonna be as long from now on, so you've been warned! Well, anyways, hope y'all enjoyed, and please let me know your thoughts on the story so far! See y'all later!

3. Chapter 2

Hello y'all, and welcome back to Oreimo: After Story! Yeah, I haven't updated in a while, but I'm back! For those of y'all worried about the To LOVE-Ru story, I plan to update that next weekend, so no, it's not dead. Well, without further ado, let's get cracking!

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â€¦

John: Zzzzâ€¦ Zzzzâ€¦

Kirino: You're still asleep? Wake up already!

John: Zzzzâ€¦ Zzzzâ€¦

Kirino: Come on idiot, you're in my way! WAKE UP!

John: Ughâ€¦umâ€¦*yawns*â€¦*looks up*â€¦ohâ€¦is it morning?

Kirino: Yeah, and you're in my way. Move.

John: Good morning to you too. *gets up*

I actually kinda am in the way. I laid down the futon right next to the couch, so that Daisuke and his wife wouldn't step over me or something when they came home late at night. Soâ€¦Kirino might wanna sit there. Or just spite me. Or both.

Kirino: W-WAIT! W-W-WHY ARE YOU ON YOUR UNDERWEAR?

Oh yeahâ€¦I sleep on my underwear. Well, too bad, she wasn't supposed to wake me up anyways. And what the hell am I gonna sleep on, jeans?

John: I was sleeping. That's why.

Kirino: Y-YOU CREEPY PERVERT!

John: May I ask you to PLEASE lower your voice?

Thank God I didn't get morning wood, that would have beenâ€|tough to explain. And might result in an early death. Fuck it, screw the "might"! It DEFINITELY would have!

Kirino: J-JUST GO AWAY! *looks away*

John: Should I leave the futon at your brother's room?

Kirino: Y-Yeah, and tell the idiot to come down! I already woke him upâ€|but he's probably fallen asleep again! So go!

John: Fine.

â€|

Poor Kyouzuke, he was probably already woken up by a shrieking alarm (his sister) and now by a guy carrying a futon. Fun.

John: *knocks* Hey, can I come in?

Kyouzuke: *opens door* Someone asks, at leastâ€|

His room is pretty normal. He's got a single sized bed, a desk, a closet, a couple of windowsâ€|you know, a room.

John: I just came to leave the futonâ€|oh, and is my uniform here?

Kyouzuke: Yeah, it is. You might wanna change in the bathroom. Waitâ€|*looks down*â€|please tell me Kirino didn't see you like thatâ€|

John: She did. She woke me up, actually. Not gently.

Kyouzuke: â€|This is unfair. If it had been me, I wouldn't be alive to tell the tale.

John: Well, maybe your folks were nearby, and she didn't wanna make a scene?

Kyouzuke: No, tact is something she completely lacks, at least outside of school, that is. Actually, when you two talked yesterdayâ€|did she tell youâ€|anything strange?

John: Does being accused of espionage count as strange?

Kyouzuke: Ohâ€|hehe, well, there's that! She might still think you're a spyâ€|so she doesn't wanna piss you off too much. Lucky youâ€|

John: Yeah, lucky falsely accused me. â€|You don't really believe that too, right?

Kyouzuke: No, I don't. But she's like that. I'd tell you she doesn't

mean itâ€|but she probably doesâ€|well, you should probably go change. I'll see you at breakfast.

John: Yeah, see ya.

â€|

Bathroom door's closedâ€|I damn better knock.

John: *knocks* Anyone in here?

â€|

Well, fine then.

John: *opens door* Ahâ€|gotta wear this damn shirt and this damn tie, all of it pisses me off! I'll look like a fucking prep boy dammit!

(2 minutes later)

John: *looks at mirror* Wellâ€|it looks decent enough. The tie's kinda off, but I don't know how the hell to put one on, I did a good enough job of learning on the go. *leaves bathroom*

Yoshino: Oh, there's our new guest! Nice to meet you!

On my way out I'm met by a woman with short brownish hair, about Daisuke's age. Obviously his wife, Yoshino. Schemer extraordinaireâ€|according to Kirino, at leastâ€|which should be taken with a grain of saltâ€|or two. By the way, I'm starting to notice that Kyouzuke takes more after Daisuke and Kirino after Yoshino.

John: Nice to meet you too! I already thanked your husband, but thanks for taking me in. I really appreciate it.

Yoshino: Oh, it's no matter. Well, breakfast is done, so you should go sit. I'll get my children to come down. *leaves*

I then head straight onto the kitchen, where Daisuke is reading the paper, probably waiting for his children to come down.

John: Good morning, sir. *sits down*

Daisuke: Oh, good morning.

John: So, any interesting news?

I actually did try to follow the news as much as I could back home. You knowâ€|a small change up there, could make the world of difference for us folks down there. And I liked to be aware of itâ€|not like anything actually changed, but stillâ€|better safe than sorry.

Daisuke: Not much. Politicians fighting over things. The economy doesn't grow. Hmâ€|look at thisâ€|*shows him the paper*

John: Let me seeâ€|*looks at paper*â€|"40 year old man brutally raped and murdered 6 year old girl in Tokyo. It would appear he was also

being searched for multiple other brutal rapes and murders
countrywide"â€|Jesus Christâ€|

Daisuke: This country is going wayward. We didn't use to hear of cases like this in the news so much back in my day. Now it's almost everyday. It's disgusting, like our people lost their way. I wonder what people might think of this outside of Japanâ€|they must be disgusted by us.

John: It ain't like this doesn't happen in America. It does. It always didâ€|it just got swept under the rug more back in the day. I'm not sure if more people knowing about this sort of thing is good or notâ€|but you can't just say this is something new.

Daisuke: I understand. You are not from Japan. You do not know how things work here. Here, certain behaviors are not allowed, because it could devolve into something like THIS! We are clearly not being severe enough.

John: I don't know what you mean by "certain behaviors"â€|but I don't think that going after innocent people is gonna solve anything...

Daisuke: Perhaps, but I am getting tired of seeing this.

Kirino: Good morning!

Kyousuke: Good morning!

Daisuke: Good morning.

John: Good morning.

Kyousuke: What were you two talking about?

Daisuke: *hands him the paper* Read that.

Kyousuke: *grabs paper*â€|W-Whatâ€|who would do something like that?

Kirino: *takes paper from him* Ah, what a fucking creep!

Daisuke: LANGUAGE!

Kirino: S-Sorryâ€|but I'm glad they got him. This is disgustingâ€|

Daisuke: Yes. Things are getting more and more dangerous everyday. So I need to have a word with you.

Kirino: Me?

Daisuke: Yes. I cannot allow you to leave the house unaccompanied anymore, especially at night.

Kirino: WHAT? Why?

Daisuke: So nothing like this will happen to you. I cannot as a father allow that to happen.

Kirino: B-But my work!

Work? She works? The man who makes this girl follow orders must be given a prize for manager of the year!

Daisuke: You will still work, you just cannot go there by yourself.

Kyousuke: Wellâ€¦should I go with her?

Daisuke: No. You must concentrate on your studies, Kyousuke. *looks at John*

Oh fuck no. OH FUCK NO.

Daisuke: John.

OH FUCK NO!

John: Y-Yes?

Daisuke: You will be Kirino's bodyguard.

Oh fucking hellâ€¦couldn't you have just told me to clean up after you take a shit? Seems like a more pleasurable thing to do!

Kirino: B-BUT DAD-

Daisuke: I will not listen. It is either this, or you must quit your job. Decide.

Is my input even gonna be required?

Kirino: â€¦Fine. *glares at me*

I feel like she wants me to stop thisâ€¦so I'm basically hired already, ain't I? Goddammit!

John: Look, sir, if she has a problem with this, maybe-

Daisuke: I gave her a choice. She chose this. Now it's your turn. I can't pay you for your services, but you will be allowed to stay here for as long as you do what is asked of you.

Thisâ€¦doesn't fucking work! She thought I was here to spy on her, and now you DO THIS! You know what this means? I have no way, I repeat, NO WAY, to make her believe that I'm not a spy. NONE. Because that's basically what I'll be doing. Crap. But I don't really have much of a choiceâ€¦I'll probably not be allowed to stay here if I refuse, and I don't know anyone that lives less than an ocean away from hereâ€¦so I don't have much of a choice. Ugh, couldn't you just have her carry a gun or something?

John: Wellâ€¦I have a condition.

Daisuke: Hm?

John: She must agree to it. And by agree, I mean AGREE. It would make my job rather difficult for her not to agree to meâ€¦*gulp*â€¦following her.

Kyousuke: Em, dad, really, I can go with her, I'm doing just fine-

Daisuke: KYOUSUKE. I know you stayed in this house because of Kirino. You could have moved to Tokyo, closer to your university, but you did not, because of her. That already hurt your studies. I will not allow them to be hurt any further. And John, she already agreed to it.

No she fucking didn't! We definitely have different views on "agreement"! If it's like this, the moment we're a good distance away from the house, she'll ditch me and go her own way! And what am I gonna do if she tries to run away, grab her? Then it will be ME on the goddamn paper! I can see the headline: "Foreign man tries to kidnap schoolgirl in Chiba". Fucking hell, for a cop, he's really naïve.

John: I've gotta talk to her about this. We'll talk about this on the way to school, is it alright with you? *looks at Kirino*

Kirino: F-Fine.

Daisuke: Very well. I will need a response tonight at dinner.

Yoshino: *walks into the room* Are you finished talking? *serves breakfast* Well, let's have breakfast then!

We ate some toast for breakfast. Simple, but very tasty! During breakfast, Kyousuke talked about how he's doing in college, apparently he's doing business administration in Tokyo University. Well, you know, there's some money to be made in business, obviously, and at least he ain't gonna be a fucking LAWYER, like old Stevie—what a prick, my brother, a lawyer. Oh how the mighty have fallen—why am I thinking about him now? Jesus. Well, that was basically the whole breakfast, there was no further discussion about my new "employment", but it was obvious that Yoshino had agreed to it prior to our conversation, else she would have butted in. I have a feeling that Daisuke is the muscle around the house—but he doesn't make the rules. Yoshino makes the rules, Daisuke enforces them. Probably. Well—whatever. After breakfast, Kyousuke left for college (I can only assume that he'll have a long ride to Tokyo—Jesus, poor guy) and I sat waiting for Kirino to get ready. Well—after a while, she did (A WHILE), and we got on our way to school.

Kirino: *walks in silence*

John: Erm—weren't we supposed to talk about something?

Kirino: *glares* What?

John: Oh, don't play dumb with me. Look—I don't like this crap either, alright? But you don't really have much of a choice here.

Kirino: That's why I said yes to my father. But I will never agree to this like you want me to.

John: Well—so how are we gonna go about it? You ain't gonna bail on me or something—right?

Kirino: You will walk a good distance away from me. You won't talk to me. And you will not follow me inside buildings or stores.

John: "What if someone calls the cops, say I'm stalking you? Because that's what it would look like!"

Kirino: "Is that it? Is that what you wanted all along?"

John: "I don't follow."

Kirino: You always wanted to stalk me, you creep!

John: "Always"? I MET YOU YESTERDAY! And exactly in which part of our conversation with your father did it seem like I was happy to do this!

Kirino: *stops*

John: What?

Kirino: "There's something you'll need to know!"

John: What is it?

Kirino: "I'm an 'otaku'."

John: "What?"

Kirino: You don't know what an otaku is? You idiot!

John: No, I don't. I'm not from here, remember?

Kirino: Well, if you don't know, I'm not telling you. Stop being stupid and learn something by yourself. *walks off*

John: Wait up!

Kirino: Oh, also, at school, don't talk to me either. Nor to my friends.

John: We're walking together, folks will assume we know each other! And we DO! And what the hell is wrong with me talking to your friends? Am I really that much of a disgrace?

Kirino: "You are."

Fucking sure. Teenage girl doesn't want her "reputation" being ruined by being seen with a "simpleton" like myself. Yeah, yeah, you'll come asking for help later, I just fucking know it.

John: Alright then. Go on ahead, I'll follow behind you.

Kirino: *picks up her pace*

She slowly picked up speed, leaving me behind by half a block or so. Well, that's about good enough I say. "Jesus, I can just tell this will be a very pleasurable job. Hopefully she stays in her home a lot" she doesn't like it NOW, but just wait till she goes shopping and makes me carry all her bags. She'll like it then! "And I won't,

but who cares about that, right? Well, to be honestâ€¦I AM staying in their house basically for free, so when Daisuke asks something, John agrees. He didn't have to take me in, but he did, so if he asks for a favor, the LEAST I can do is to agree to it. Obviously his response to that news story was WAY out of proportion, but whatever. Complaining about it will solve nothing. And what is that about being an oâ€¦otaku? Is that some sort ofâ€¦gang? I hope notâ€¦that would suck. Maybe it's the group of fans of some pop singer? â€¦I don't know. I'm sure I'll find out.

â€¦**.**

Well, there it is. First day in school will be in the next chapter. I planned for it to be in this one, but it got too long. Well, thanks for reading, and I'll see y'all next time!

4. Chapter 3

Hello y'all, and welcome back to Oreimo: After Story! I know y'all ain't heard from me for a few daysâ€¦that's cause I came down with the flu. So I've been in bed for a few days, and I'll be damned if I could figure out what to write. I'm still feeling kinda off, but decent enough to figure out a chapter, and I wanna give y'all something, so here we go!

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â€¦**.**

After a while, we arrived to the school. It's actually called "Chiba Benten High School". Always nice to know the name of the place you'll be attending for the next three years. Kirino headed straight to classâ€¦I can only assume, since she told me exactly jack shit, and I was left wandering around, trying to find the Principal's office. I'm pretty sure I ain't supposed to just walk into the classroom like it was nobody's business, but again, no one told me anything. But it's fine, I found someone who looked like a teacher, and asked him for directions to the Principal's office, and that's where I am now. The Principal's an old-ish man, probably in his early sixties, with balding hair, thick glasses, and in generalâ€¦a very "scholarly" look about him.

Principal: Mr. Miller, is it?

John: Yeah, that's me.

Principal: Well, I was hoping I could have a word with you before you started your classes today.

John: Yeah, me too.

Principal: So, how has your first day in Japan been?

John: Well, to be honestâ€¦I arrived in the afternoon, and went straight "home" after thatâ€¦so not much to say.

Principal: Oh yes, you will be staying in the Kousaka household, correct?

I know Kirino wants to act like I'm some stranger, but this is the Principal. I ain't lying to him, and he knows already anyways. Yeah, you gotta wonder why exactly I care what Kirino says. Wellâ€¦I don't wanna make my job any harder. I meanâ€¦folks WILL find out eventually that I'm living at her place, how the hell does she plan to hide THAT? â€¦Actually, I don't wanna know.

John: Yes, I am.

Principal: I am well acquainted with them. Their elder son, Kyousuke, attended this same school before graduating. And now Kirino is doing the same. Wellâ€¦it's not my place to discuss our student's family situation, but they're very decent people. I am sure you will get along with them.

John: Oh, I agree. They've been nothing but welcoming so far.

Yeah, even Kirino, to be honestâ€¦she could have made a HUGE scandal about me being there. Teenage girls are like that, you know? But she didn'tâ€¦that's not that bad, I admit.

Principal: Glad to hear it. Well, homeroom is about to start, so you should go introduce yourself to class soon. Your class will be 1-B. I put you in the same class as Kirino, so you'd at least have a familiar face.

Alrightâ€¦so she won't be able to hide the fact that I live in her house. I meanâ€¦it's impossible! Her friends will see me following her! â€¦Whatever. It's her problem, not mineâ€¦hopefully.

John: Alrightâ€¦should I just head over there?

Principal: That's rightâ€¦you have never been here before. I'll show you the way.

I start walking around school with the Principal, showing me the way to my classroom. Damn, this place is big. We walked through one hallway, climbed two sets of stairs, walked through yet another hallway, turned to the right, walked past a couple of classes, and then finally got to mine. My middle school was WAY smaller than thatâ€¦but we also had a small as hell student body, so there's that.

Principal: Here we are. Wait here a moment. *goes inside the classroom*

He probably went in there to tell the teacher to introduce me, or is doing so himselfâ€¦I've got no clue. But something along those lines, I'm sure.

Principal: *leaves the classroom* You can go inside now.

John: Sure thing. *goes inside the classroom*

I walked into the classâ€¦where all eyes were on me, of course. It's anâ€¦interesting feeling to have 30+ people looking straight at you at the same time. Wellâ€¦except for one that is. THAT one is looking out the window with an uninterested look in her face. I suppose I don't have to tell y'all who that is, right? The teacher is a young looking man, probably in his early to mid-twenties, with short black

hair, clean shaved, and glasses. To be honestâ€|he looks younger than I do.

Teacher: Alright class, this is John Miller, he's from America, and he will be attending our school from now on. John, care to introduce yourself?

John: Alright, well, hello there! My name is John Millerâ€|American as apple pie, am I right?

â€|

That was supposed to be sort of a jokeâ€|well, whatever. Not hard to forget I'm in a different countryâ€|

John: Well, erm, anyways, I'm 18 years oldâ€|I know, I'm way older than y'all, but I still hope we can all get along here.

Teacher: You know, it's not something that happens every day to have a foreign student join our class. Why don't you tell us a bit about your country?

John: Wellâ€|what am I supposed to say?

Teacher: How is it like to live there?

Oh, I doubt you wanna hear that from meâ€|if my name is "American as apple pie" my life definitely ain't.

John: Well, ermâ€|I don't think my personal experiences are at all representative of the country as a wholeâ€|so I'll refrain from answering that, if you don't mind.

Yeah, and how about you don't put me on the spot like that againâ€|ever?

Teacher: Wellâ€|how mysterious!

Are you even a teacher? What the fuck are you? If I didn't know he was my teacher I would have given him a good piece of my mind by nowâ€|

John: *clenches teeth* Wellâ€|I suppose!

Please don't make me angryâ€|

Teacher: Alright then. Why don't youâ€|*looks around*â€|oh, there! There, right between Kousaka and Aragaki. Sit there.

Of course I'll sit next to Kirino. Probably arranged by Mr. Principal. But I gotta play dumb, right? I gotta act like I don't know Kirinoâ€|damn you!

John: â€|Come again?

Teacher: Oh right, you're new! *laughs* Sorry! Right between that blond girl over there *points at Kirino* and that dark haired girl over there *points at girl*

What a moron. How the hell did this guy get to be a teacher? It looks

like he's trying to be niceâ€|but he comes off as incredibly irritating. Well, obviously, Kirino looked like she just got hit in the face by a giant turdâ€|which means she wasn't enjoying this AT ALL. And the other girlâ€|Aragaki? Well, like Mr. Teacher said, she's dark haired and she's also blue eyedâ€|and she has this aura ofâ€|elegance, is it? I can't quite say what it isâ€|but damn she's pretty. Wellâ€|Kirino is too, let's give the girl some credit. She's just annoying as all hell and back.

John: Very well.

I so proceed to head over to my seat. Every step of the way I feel my classmates' stares piercing through the back of my head. Wow, really, I mean, I know I'm the "new guy", and I'm a foreigner, and I'm old, but come onâ€|give it a break, I'm not a circus animal!

John: *sits down*

Well, Kirino seems to have her eyes fixated on a dead point out the window. She's clearly ignoring me on purpose. What she doesn't realize is that just acknowledging my existence would be way less suspicious than what she's currently doing. That Aragaki girl seems to be pretty entertained whispering to a girl in front of herâ€|some redhead with twin tailsâ€|looks kinda small. Well, anyways, that's none of my business. Well, what is my business right now is to try to find something pleasurable to think about while I act like I'm paying the class any mind at allâ€|oh yeahâ€|that Playboy magazine the old man found laying around the motel the other dayâ€|that's something nice to think about!

â€|

(4 hours later)

RIIIING

â€|Oh that must be the bellâ€|lunch break time? That's great, cause I have no fucking lunch, nor lunch money! Yay for starving! I should have grabbed myself a sandwich or somethingâ€|what a moron. Ughâ€|maybe I can go to the coffee shop and get something to eat and pay for it tomorrowâ€|I don't know if I can do that, but trying is better than nothingâ€|

?: Hey, new guy!

That was the redhead that was talking to Aragaki a few hours ago.

John: Ermâ€|yes?

Redhead: Do you know Kirino from somewhere?

So that's how long it tookâ€|

Kirino: W-What do you mean, Kanako?

Kanakoâ€|that must be her name.

Kanako: Just a hunch.

Aragaki: Kanakoâ€|you shouldn't be saying untrue things about people like thatâ€|

Kanako: S-Sorry, Ayase!

Ayase must be Aragaki's first name. Funny how I just became acquainted with all these people and all I said was "Ermâ€|yes?".

John: Well, no, sorry to burst your bubble, but I don't know her. *looks at Kirino*. Kirino, was it?

Kirino: Y-Yes. *subtly glares at John*

Wow, I noticed that. She's gonna kill me back in the house, ain't she? Well, what the hell am I supposed to do?

John: And y'all wereâ€|Ayaseâ€|and Kanako, right? Good to meet ya.

Kanako: *looks at John*

John: â€|Yes?

Kanako: â€|You look old.

John: Iâ€|already said that I was 18â€|

Kanako: Hmâ€|no, more than that.

She's rightâ€|I don't think it's any of her damn business, but she's right. Living a tough life does make you look old beyond your time.

John: Wellâ€|maybe. Now, if you'll excuse me, I gotta go see if I can mooch something off the cafeteria lady. Maybe I'll see y'all laterâ€|

Kanako: Hey. Don't you have any money?

John: I don't, actually.

Kanako: Thenâ€|how the hell did you manage to come here?

Good damn question. Man, this girl sure knows how to make 'em armor-piercing!

John: Iâ€|don't have a good answer for that.

Kanako: Hmph, well whatever. I can share some lunch with you if you want.

I would normally refuse, but what the hell, I was gonna take free lunch from the coffee shop anyways. This has gotta change thoughâ€|I've gotta find some source of income soon or I'll be in troubleâ€|

John: Wellâ€|if your friends don't mind.

Ayase: Oh, it's fine!

Wow, she sounds like such a sweet girl! let's see what the "other one" has to say. This will be fun! So! I'm gonna die when we get "home", right? Whatever, every man deserves a bit of fun every now and then!

Kirino: *glares! I-I have to go to the bathroom! *leaves*

John: Whoa, she seemed to be in a rush.

Kanako: Yeah, she's been weird since we graduated. I don't know what's up with her. Oh, help yourself. *hands John a bowl*

She handed over a bowl with a sandwich in it. It had ham, tomatoes, lettuce! a sandwich.

Kanako: You're lucky I made my sister make two today. You can have one.

John: Well, that's nice of ya! I'll have to pay you back somehow.

Kanako: Sure! we'll talk about that later!

Ayase: Ehem! I'm worried about Kirino! we don't hang out as often anymore, she rarely calls, and when she does it's only for a short amount of time!

Really? Kirino is going through a rough patch or something? Oh yeah! that whole "thing" she was trying to hide from her mother. I wonder! man, I'm a nosy son of a bitch!

John: Is it! alright for y'all to be talking about her private life with me around?

Ayase: Yes! I needed to ask someone else for advice anyways! onii-san is always busy now!

Kanako: Ehhhh, Ayase... you li-

Ayase: SHUT UP!

Holy damn that creeped the bejeezus outta me.

Kanako: S-Sorry!

John: Well, anyways! who is this "Nissan" person?

Ayase: ONII-SAN. Kirino's older brother.

John: Wasn't he called Kyo-

DAMN ABORT ABORT.

!

Well, this is pretty short, but as I said, I just wanna give y'all an update, however small. Damn flu. Well, anyways, see y'all next time!

End
file.